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Beatrice Ravel

WHITE AZALEAS IN MAGNOLIA GARDENS

Your images in water! Sea-shell gray
And iridescence; like the endless spawn
Of pale sea-jellies on a moonless night—
A milky way that glammers out of sight—
Something of sea and something of the sky.
Drawn from the earth as blossoming dreams are drawn,
Most strange are you in this, that dreams alight and fly,
But you dream on all your translucent day.

Sweeps of divinest nothingness, abyss
Of beauty, you are the stirred, subconscious place
Of flowers, you are the rathe and virgin mood
Of young azaleas.

Where heaped branches brood
Like bathers, water-girdled to the hips,
Like Undines, every blossom turns her face
Groping above the water, with her parted, winged, insati-
able lips,
Each for her soul and its white mysteries.

DEW

The new morning light is a primitive,
A painter of faintly-filled outlines,
A singer of folk-songs.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The dew-flattened vines by my window
Are all of one innocent green.
Nothing so young as that green—
An outline cut by a child
 From a soft new blotter.

But when the light grows,
They suck up a pert chiaroscuro—
Gold, meretricious, knowing high-lights,
 Hopelessly clever.

 Their poems
 Dry in the sun.

THE ONLY CHILD

You are not one child only,
 Little one, daughter my dear—
Hundreds of shadowy children
 Follow you everywhere.

Babies in twilighted corners
 Play with your outgrown things;
They whisper forgotten stories,
 They dance in gossamer rings.

Hundreds of outgrown children
 Look from your candid eyes;